The State of Nebraska.

Sinte Tax Suit for Year 1912 Final Notice. In the District Court of Dakota County,

Plaintiff. The Several Percels of Land hereinafter described, and all Persons and Corporations having or claiming title to, or any interest right or claim, in, and to such purcels of real estate, or any part thereof, Defendants.

Tract No. 809.

Tract No. 810.

To unknown heirs of Augustus Kountze, unknown heirs of Herman Kountze, Luther Kountze, Annie P. Kountze, unknown heirs of Herman Kountze, unknown heirs of Charles B. Kountze, Mary E. Kountze, unknown heirs of Matilda R. Gardiner, Adaline Ruth, William Ruth, unknown heirs of Clementine Brown, Margaret B. Berger, Mary D. Oliver, George E. Olive, Catherine Kountze, and to the unknown owners of the real estate described below:

Notice is hereby given that under a decree of the district court of said county of Dakota, state of Nebraska, rendered in the state tax suit for the year 1912, the following described real estate, situate in the county of Dakota and state of Nebraska, to-wit:

Lot eight (8) and lot nine (9), in bleck one hundred forty-five (145), all in the Villege of Dakota City:

Was on the 6th day of November, 1912, duly sold at public vendue by the county treasurer of said county in the manner provided by inw. and that the period of redemption from such sale will expire on the 6th day of November, 1914.

You are further notified that the owner of the certificate of tax sale issued by the county treasurer will make application to the court in the above entitled cause

of the certificate of tax sale issued by the county freasurer will make application to the court in the above entitled cause for confirmation of such sale as soon as practicable after the period of redemption has expired, and you are hereby notified that the time and place of the bearing upon such confirmation will be entered in the confirmation record kept by the fleer of said court on or before the 35th day of October, 1914. You will examine said confirmation record to ascert in the time of such hearing and may be present, if you desire, to make any objections or show cause why the sale should not be confirmed.

Dated this 15th day of July, 1914.

BELLE BARNETT, Owner of Certificate,

State Tax Suit for Year 1912 Final Notice. In the District Court of Dakota County, Nebraska. The State of Nebraska. Plaintiff.

The Several Parcels of Land hereinafter described, and all Persons and Corporations having or claiming title to, or any interest, right or claim in, and to such parcels of real estate, or any part thereof, Defendants. Tract No. 813.

Tract No. 813.

To unknown heirs of Augustus Kountze, unknown heirs of Herman Kountze, Luther Kountze, Annie P. Kountze, unknown heirs of Charles B. Kountze, unknown heirs of Matilda R. Gardiner, Adaline Ruth, William Ruth, unknown heirs of Ciementine Brown, Catherine Kountze, Margraet Berker, Mary D. Oliver, George F. Oliver, Maggie Macready, Georgia Jay, and to the unknown owners of the real estate described below:

Notice is hereby given that under a decree of the district court of said county of Iakota, state of Nebraska, rendered in the state tax suit for the year 1912, the following described real estate, situate in the county of Dakota and state of Nebraska, to-wit:

forty-five (145), all in the Village of Da-kota City:

Vias on the 6th day of November, 1912, duly sold at public vendue by the county treasurer of said county in the manner provided by law, and that the period of redemption from such sale will expire on the 6th day of November, 1914.

You are further notified that the owner of the certificate of tax sale issued by the county treasurer will make application

of the certificate of tax sale issued by the county treasurer will make application to the court in the above entitled cause for confirmation of such sale as soon as practicable after the period of redemption has expired, and you are hereby notified that the time and place of the hearing upon such confirmation will be entered in the confirmation record kept by the cierk of said court on or before the 26th day of October, 1914. You will examine said confirmation record to ascertain the time of such hearing and may be present, if you desire, to make any objections or show cause why the sale should not be confirmed.

Dated this 15th day of July, 1914.

BELLE BARNETT.

Owner of Certificate.

Owner of Certificate. State Tax Sult for Year 1912 Final Notice. In the District Court of Dakota County,

Nebraska. The State of Nebraska, The Several Parcels of Land hereinafter described, and all Persons and Corpora-tions having or claiming title to, or any interest, right or claim in, and to such

interest, right or claim in, part thereof, parcels of real estate, or any part thereof. Defendants.

Tract No. 936.

To inknown heliz of Augustus Kountze, unknown heliz of Augustus Kountze, unknown heirs of Herman Kountze, Luther Kountze, Anna P. Kountze, unknown heirs of Charles B. Kountze, Mary E. Kountze, anknown heliz of Clementine Brown, unknown heirs of Clementine Brown, Markaret Berger, Mary D. Oliver, George F. Oliver, Catherine Kountze, and to the unknown owners of the real estate described below:

of the county of Dakota and state of the state tax suit for the year 1912, the following described real estate of the district court of said county of Dakota, state of Nebraska, rendered in the state tax suit for the year 1912, the following described real estate, situate in the county of Dakota and state of Nebraska, to-wit: Lot seven (7), block one hundred eighty-four (184), all in the Village of

d Lot. seven (7), block one hundred eighty-four (184), all in the Village of Pakota City:

Was on the 6th day of November, 1912, duly sold at public vendue by the county treasurer of said county in the manner provided by law, and that the period of redemption from such sale will expire on the 6th day of November, 1914.

You are further notified that the owner of the certificate of tax sale issued by the County treasurer will make application to the court in the above entitled cause for confirmation of such sale as soon as practicable after the period of redemption has expired, and you are hereby natified that the time and place of the hearing upon such confirmation will be entered in the confirmation record kept by the cierk of said court on or before the 26th day of October, 1914. You will examine maid confirmation record to ascertain the time of such hearing and may be present, if you desire, to make any objections or show cause why the sale should not be confirmed.

Dated this 15th day of July, 1814.

VILLAGE OF DAKOTA CITY, Owner of Certificate.

Up to the Parson. The parson on his way home one evening to his horrified surprise found one of his flock sitting against a stone wall, his face radiating o'ermuch cheer, and a frayed cigar clutched in his fingers. "Dear me, John, dear me," said the parson. "Whatever do you suppose will happen to you if you go on like this?" "Nothin', sir, if you (hie- don't tell 'er!"

Why Is It?

Sometimes it seems as if every person who is lacking in initiative, special ability or industry desires to be either a writer, an actor or an artist. The most agreeable way for a lazy parson to make a living is to express his own opinions, emotions and impressions.-Norman Hapgood, in Har-

Had Fido in Mind.

When little Margaret passed her plate the third time for chicken her mother said: "My dear, you must not eat so much chicken. I am afraid you'll be ill." "Well, mother," said Margaret, "I'm not eating this because I want it. I'm collecting the bones for Fido!"-Harper's Monthly.

Intricate Story.

"Before my marriage I told her all my past life. Don't you think I showed a wonderful courage?" "Yes and a still more wonderful memory."

Missed Opportunity. Another precedent has been broken. A New York trained nurse married a wealthy putlent, and then let him get well-Washington Herald

## **Human Documents of Married Life**

By Virginia T. Van de Water Intimate and Human, Intensely Alive, Each Story Presenting a Problem Which Might Occur to Any One of Us at Any Time

WHY I LEFT MY WIFE

can say truthfully that Doris

and I loved each other when we married. Heaven knows XXX there was no need for either of us to marry if we did not want to. Doris could have had any one of several eligibles whom she kept dangling after her-never quite refusing a man until he insisted upon her taking him or leaving him; while I was very well satisfied with my life as a bachelor physician with enough money to keep me comfortable until I made a success of my practice. And. as to him that hath is usually given, so, as I was not dependent for bread and butter upon the practise of medicine, I was soon earning enough from

my profession to put jam on my bread and to buy the "gilt-edged" quality of butter. To drop the metaphor, I had a handsomely furnished office, and lived with my mother. I spent many evenings at my club, and had a goodly number of friends. Altogether, my life was a comfortable one in every way-until I fell in love. Then I thought I could never be happy until Doris married me. Perhaps I would

not have been. Who knows? I do not mean to be frivolous; but in contemplating the follies in one's

life one must laugh-or curse. All married people have their little squabbles, their little differences of opinion, I suppose, and I regarded the arguments and disputes that my wife and I had as part and parcel of every wedded life. For the first year or two we were very well satisfied with each other, and with our new

surroundings. As a physician I had, of course, a right and a duty to keep professional business to myself, but as I did not mention this fact to Doris until an issue was raised, she did not know how much or how little I told her of my private affairs. When we had been married about eighteen months, however, I had occasion to express my views upon the subject. A patient sent me a letter which came when I was out. This patient chanced also to be a friend of my wife, and when Doris saw her hand-writing on the envelope she jumped to the conclusion that the writer had made a mistake and that the letter was meant for her So she opened it. In doing this she did not tear the envelope, as the flap did not adhere tightly, and came unfastened easily, without marring the paper. When Doris had read the letter, which was a request that I call, with a drop of mucilage, and closed it, when I want a putting the letter with other mail on my office table. Naturally I did

Clarksons' tonight?" I started slight. If you loved me you would be willing ly, then recovered myself. "Ah! Mrs. Clarkson told you she

not mention the matter of her friend's

indisposition to Doris. In fact, I know

had sent for me, did she?" I com-My wife smiled and said nothing. Later when I referred to the matter in talking to Mrs. Clarkson, saying that, of course, I had not felt at liberty to mention her illness to my wife until I learned that she had heard of it from the patient herself, I was informed that I was mistaken. and that nobody but the patient and her husband knew that she was not

perfectly well. Suspecting that my wife had ope my mail, I reproached her with having done so. She reminded me that, not knowing I was the Clarksons' physician, it was quite natural that she should have made the mistake thinking that the letter addressed in her friend's handwriting was meant for her, and that the "Dr." on the en-

'Why didn't you te!! me what you had done?" I demanded sharply, She tossed her head. "Well, if you must know, because I was afraid you would scold—as you are doing now

velope had been written in error.

You see, I was right in my fears." A week later I chanced to see lying at my wife's plate one morning a letter addressed to her in the handwriting of a men whom I knew, and who was an occasional caller at our home. supposed that when Doris came fown to breakfast she would explain the letter to me. Instead, she opened it, glanced over it, refolded it, returned it to its envelope, and opened and read the rest of her correspondence. As I was leaving the house, she remarked carelessly:

"Shall you be at home to luncheon?" I replied that I expected to be. Why?" I asked

"Katie will take care of you," informed me, "for I shall not be in." you had anything on hand for this morning."

"I am lunching down-town with triend," she replied briefly.

The next day one of my patients mentioned, carelessly and innocently, that she had seen my "pretty wife lunching with Mr. Moore yesterday." did not betray my surprise, but when reached home I asked Doris why she had gone to luncheon with a man without asking my permission. She looked at me with a triumphant halfamile.

"And do you ask my permission before you make appointments with filmy lace veiling the upper part of her women?" she queried sarcastically. I strove to speak calmly. "Do try o be sensible, Doris! You know that professional engagements are very dif-

ferent from social affairs." I did not ask her not to go to luncheon again with men, for I was sure that if I did she would go when she those, only would say nothing to me

tried to think of Doris as a daughter, but they had little in common, except their love for me-and that is not often a bond of union between a man's wife and his mother.

Of course I went to see my mother whenever I could, and soon I learned not to mention many of these calls, for Doris had a nagging way of objecting to them. Each afternoon, after my round visits, as I returned toward home, I would glance at my watch as I neared my mother's house, and if I had time I would run in and, chat for a while. A week after the conversation just recorded I was warming my chilled hands at my mother's cheery grate-fire when the telephone in her hall rang sharply. was wanted on the wire.

It was my wife who was speaking. She had reached home ten minutes before, expecting to find me there, as my office hours had already begun. The maid had told her that I had been called up three times by one person, as I was wanted on an urgent case.

"It just occurred to me," added Doris, "that perhaps you were at your mother's, although I could hardly believe it, as you called there only yesterday afternoon."

Perhaps the fact that the telephone was between us made it easier for me to say, "I am here many afternoons." That evening, over our coffee, she

remarked: "Tem, I wish you would pay more attention to business."

I looked my amazement "Yes," she continued, "I do! This afternoon you might have missed a good big consultation fee just by stopping to see your mother."

"There are some things I care more for than money," I remarked illogical-

"I know it!" she exclaimed. "And I think it's pretty hard on me that you do not earn all the money that you might. Don't you suppose that I would like to have the things that rich doctor's wives have?" I set down my cup and gazed at her

incredulously.

"Oh, yes," she went on, "I mean what I say! You think just because I don't speak of such things that I never wish I had a motor car, and trained servants, and a private house, and lots of handsome clothes! I tell you, Tom, those are the things that make life worth while." \* "And is not your life worth while?"

asked. "Of course you think it is because professionally, the following evening, I am married to you!" she burst forth. she simply touched the envelope-flap "But what have I? An apartment,

when I want a half-dozen-as other women have; a trolley car or a taxicab to ride in, when I want my own motor; one new dress where I really need a balf-dozen!"

that the patient was averse to having anyone know of it. So when, at din-"Perhaps," I said coldly, "you may ner the next evening, Doris remarked, some day have all these things, but I suppose you are going over to the it will not be until I am an older man. to wait and be patient."

I pushed my chair back and left the table, I simply did not dare remain longer in the room with my wife. My temper is quick and hot, and the only way in which I can control it is to get away alone with it. I had had time to become calm when, an hour later, Doris opened the door of the library

where I sat reading. "Dear Tom," she said softly, "I was very horrid, and cross, and piggy tonight, and I am sorry. Won't you please forgive me? For I love you, Tom, and even if you were as poor as -a newspaper man"-with a gurgling laugh-"I would love you just as much

as I do now." I gathered her into my arms and kissed her.

She perched contentedly on my knee and talked, running her fingers through my hair. "Really, Tom, I think one thing that makes me so horrid and fretful is because I am worried. I need some new clothes dreadfully."

"Many of them?" I asked, remembering sundry obligations I must meet

the first of the month. "Well, several," she laughed. "And now that I am trying to be good I think I ought to make a confession to

you, Tom. "Go ahead!" I said.

"Well, I really need a new streetdress and a reception-gown, and, besides that, an evening gown, but I did not want to bother you about all this when you have so much on your mind, so I just ordered one of them-the reception-gown-without saying anything to you about it. It is made so handsomely that it will do for an evening gown, too, except upon very swell occasions. And, Tom, it is really a beauty!"

Well, dear," I said gently, "your old husband is not so poor that he "Ah!" I said, "I did not know that can't pay for a really pretty dress for you, especially when you have come to him of your own accord and 'fessed up' your extravagance."

The above episode was still fresh in my mind when, a few evenings later, as I was starting out to attend a dinner of my medical club, I knocked at the door of my wife's room to bid her good-by. Before she could reply I turned the knob and entered. She stood, fully dressed, before her long mirror, surveying herself approvingly. She wore a costume which I had never seen before, a gorgeous affair, cut low in the neck, and with shapely arms.

"My new reception-gown, the one 1 told you of," she said in reply to my inquiring look. "Oh, are you going out this

evening?" I asked, in surprise. "No. I've invited a friend to dinried from the room to give her maid

intimate. I am sure that my mother | particulars, and she lingered so long in the kitchen or dining room that I could not wait until her return without being late for my engagement. As I stepped from the elevator of our apartment house I came face to face with Richard Clarkson, the husband of the patient whom I have already mentioned. A vague wonder crossed my mind as I nodded to him as to whom he was going to visit in our building. He wore, I also noted, his evening clothes. Then the matter passed from my mind.

Nor did I think of it again until I stepped into my wife's room when I came home at twelve o'clock that night. She lay in bed, propped among her pillows; the electric bulb above her threw a strong light upon the French novel she was reading and upon her unnaturally flushed face. She had been eating marrons glaces from a huge box of these sweetmeats that stood on the table by her bed. Glancing at them, I remembered that they cost a dollar and a half a pound, and noted that the box before me must hold easily four pounds.

"Who has been spreading chestnuts at your feet in lieu of roses?" I an abundance of money and were fond of humoring my wife's love for sweets.

"Oh, a friend of mine," she said lightly, and straightway began asking me about what kind of an evening I had had, who was at the dinner, etc. It was not until I rose from the easy chair into which I had thrown myself that it occurred to me to inquire.

"By the way, who dined with you tonight?" For a moment she hesitated, then made an effort and said frankly,

"Mr. Clarkson." "Clarkson!" I gasped. "Pray, why not?" asked my wife de-

fiantly. "But how does he happen to dine with you, and how do you happen to let him, a married man, dine alone with you?".

Her face hardened. "And how," she asked, imitating my manner, "do you happen to dine with Mrs. Clarkson, and how does she, a married woman, happen to let you dine alone with her?

"Don't be a fool!" I exclaimed. "I should think that even you, with your shallow comprehension, would see, when I have explained it to you dozens of times, that there is a difference between a physician accepting an invitation to remain to dinner at a house at which he is calling and his wife deliberately asking a married man to husband is going to be out until nearly midnight! Did he bring you these bonbons?"-I asked suspiciously, as my eyes rested for a moment on the box beside her.

"Yes." I stood looking down at her. The white light over her bed showed me that, although when angry or frightened Doris usually became pale, the vivid rose in her cheks had not faded. Before she could suspect my intention I turned quickly to her dressing table, poured some violet tollet water upon my handkerchief, and, as quickly, bent over my wife and wiped her cheek with it. The handkerchief was stained with pink. I showed it to her and sneered:

"Painting, eh? I suppose that the complexion you wear for your husband is not quite strong and vivid enough for one of your men friends? How long since you adopted the 'making-up' business?"

She sat up in bed, her eyes flashing. 'You are rude and unjust!" she exclaimed. "How long is it since you

qualified as a censor of morals?" My anger left me as suddenly as it had come. I sat on the side of the bed and tried to make the excited woman listen to reason. "Child." I said, "are you miserable, really, or are you only angry when you say these things? I want you to be happy, and I do not want to be hard upon you." saw that she was listening, and I continued: "I give you all that I can afford to give you. I wish I could let you have everything that money can buy; but, you see, I am not a rich man."

"There are other things that money won't buy that you might give me, and don't!" she exclaimed.

"What do you mean?" "That you can always find time to go to your medical club, and to see your mother, and to go here, there, and everywhere, while I must amuse myself. You know as well as I de that I want you to make as many calls of her nervous condition. She was as you can, for they mean business. But there are lots of other places you go, and, I warrant, have a good time, too, while I can stay at home, and then get scolded if I have a nice man friend here to dinner."

It was useless to try to make her understand. understand, but I made one more attempt. "Doris, why can't you tell me the truth about these things? Why didn't you tell me you had saked Clarkson here to dinner tonight?"

"Why didn't you tell me when you dined with his wife?" was the prompt reply.

We were simply arguing around in circle, and I knew it. So I said nothing for a moment, but sat looking in perplexity at the woman who, for five years of marriage, I knew less well than I had thought I did when we were first engaged. And, as I gazed, her mood changed. She turned toward me and held out her hand.

"Dear Tom," she quavered, "don't look at me like that! Even if I do like to have a good time, you know ner," she replied hastily, as she hur- I love you. Really, Tom. I may be silly, yet I never loved any other man some forgotten directions. She was in all the world except you. But"gone before I could ask for further beseechingly - other men are lots of

fun, and I do like the good time and | nice things they give me!"

"I suppose you do," I said brusquely, suppose you can't help it That's the worst of it. I am too tired to put out your light and go to sleep. but, for Heaven's sake, first get up and wash that pink mess off your face!

And thus the matter ended, for that time, at least,

With all her seeming heedleseness Doris was a dainty housekeeper and took good care of our home. Her table was excellent, her servants were well managed, and she, herself, supervised the entire menage. She loved dearly to entertain, and was, of course, extravagant in her tastes, but never complained of the expensive dishes which she liked to set before our guests, nor of the elaborate dinners and luncheons which she took

pride in giving.

As the months passed I got more and more into the habit of spending any spare evenings I might have with my mother. She rested me and Doris was often out with some of het friends. One of these-a woman whom I suspected that my wife cultivated her a quiet resort. We talked the on account of her wealth-had a box at the opera one night each week. She always invited Doris to accompany her on these occasions, and made much of her. One night Doris gave this friend a dinner in our home, to which she invited several intimates. Of course I must be present, and, as I watched my wife, I was not surprised that she was popular among these people. She was bright and tactful in conversation and a charming hostess. I did not know until later who had sent her the superb corsage bouquet of rare orchids which she wore, and would have fancied it a gift from asked teasingly, thinking, first of all, the guest of honor had I not heard her of one or two women friends who had say in a stage "aside" to Doris as she bade her good-night:

"I suppose you expect me to think that your good-looking husband sent you those,"-touching the flowers lightly-"but I have my suspicions!"

Doris laughed gaily, but said nothing. I asked her afterward if a man hand sent them to her, and she said stiffly, "Yes." I did not inquire who it was, although I suspected that, in Moore. Later I saw the empty flower- manner was cold, her eyes hard. She box on Doris's dressing table, with sat down in my desk chair, and I stood Jack's card lying by it. I voiced no in front of her. I was angry; so was protest. I was tired, and hated scenes | she. I waited for her to speak.

"I found this letter here, on the | He is my friend, and I like him hall table, instead of on your desk where you usually leave your mail, and I though you had left it here for me to read, but as soon as I began it to talk any more now. I advise you I saw my mistake, and did not read more than the first line," she said,

avoiding my eyes. I knew that she lied, but a man does not tell his wife a truth of that kind -unless he is very angry.

When I was alone, I glanced again over the letter. It was from Mrs. Clarkson, saying that she was worried about a matter that concerned her closely, and would call at my office at fix o'clock that evening.

By the time she came the fact that Doris must know of the appointment had slipped from my mind, but away down in my inner consciousness was a feeling of resentment that she had read my letter. Man is a complex being, and it may be that the contrast between her scheming and uncandid ways and the frank, open manner of my patient made me especially gentle to the latter when she called. She had come to confide to me that she felt she must get away from town for | you like!" a while, and to ask me to suggest to matter over, and she had risen to leave when she said:

"I hate to go on a journey alone, yet my husband has not the time to accompany me, even if he wanted to. Then, too, he thinks me so silly, as I suppose I am. He can't comprehend and, to my own horror, burst into why I have such foolish notions, and I try to control them; but, oh, I get so frightened!"

"Poor child!" I said, "you poor girl!" She dropped her head on my shoul-

and so helpless that, instinctively, I laid my hand on her bowed head. "I know it is hard, dear," I whispered. "I know all about it."

"Yes," she sobbed. "Thank God you do! If I go away, how shall I get on without you!" A rustle at the door made me look up. My wife stood there. She had

turned the knob noiselessly and entered the room. Before I could speak she was gone. When the last patient for that evening had left my office my wife asked spite of my interdict, it was Jack me if she might see me alone. Her

SHE HAD TURNED THE KNOB NOISELESSLY AND ENTERED

more and more with each passing month. All men liked Doris, I told to you that you will have to carry onmyself, and love of admiration was affairs—such as you have with Mrs. a passion with her. Why quarrel about | Clarkson somewhere else than in your

All during that winter Mrs. Clarkson suffered with a nervous trouble that made it necessary for her to consult me often. One of the exciting causes of her condition, I shrewdly suspected, was the fact that she and her husband were growing steadily apart. Perhaps he did not understand a woman of her sensitive nature, perhaps her mercurial temperament irritate! him, for he was calm and unimaginative. All doctors know his type-the well, strong, robust man who is angered by tears and exasperin upon them." ated by a woman's nervous fancies. Once or twice I had attempted to make him see that his wife's health was in danger, but as long as she was up and about he attributed her depression and excitability to "whims." When her nervous attacks would threaten her, the sufferer would send for me to give her some quieting prescription or to reason her out of the "horrors" that were symptomatic very young, and I was heartly sorry for her. She had no relative in our large city, and was too proud to take ordinary friends into her confidence Some one-possibly Clarkson himself -mentioned to my wife that this one of my patients was very dependent upon me. Of course Doris spoke to me of it.

"To my way of thinking," she said, 'a popular young physician should be very careful not to get himself talked

about.' "If people are looking for evil they will find it everywhere," I affirmed And the physician in the discharge of his duties should be above the fear of such gossip."

Her lips quivered, and, seeing that she was unhappy, I explained to her the situation as dispassionately and fully as I could. "You know, Doris," I assured her,

faithful to you." That she doubted me to the extent of watching me was proved one day when I came suddenly upon her reading a letter which I had left, inad-

"Tom," she began, "I wish to say own home. You know that I saw what took place this evening." I held my temper in check, as I

quires an explanation?" "No! Anyone can understand a scene like that, unless he has a purer mind than most people."

asked, "Do you think that scene re-

"Than you have, you mean?" I asked bitterly. She flushed hotly, but went on, "As long as I am your wife I will not be insulted by having these things happen where the servants may come

I tried to speak calmly. "You are laboring under a misapprehension, Doris. On my own account I care nothing, but for the sake of a good woman I wish you to understand-" She interrupted me, springing to her feet and confronting me. "I tell you I understand it well enough!" she exclaimed. "When a woman has her head on a married man's shoulder, and is wondering how she 'can get on without him,' it can have but one meaning. And I will not stand it. Oh, I am no fool! I know what such

scenes mean!"

I clenched my hands to keep from without enforcing them. Now I re-Moore has a reputation that ought to

'that I am always, and everywhere, favors." She looked at me for a moment, exclaimed. "You can do as you please! But we women must not take a step ing there, dazed, I remembered that vertently, upon the hall table. She outside of the narrow path you, our started and tried to conceal her action, owners, mark out for us! I won't be ried. "What are you doing?" I demanded. lieve anything against Jack Moore.

are fealous, that's all!"

"You have heard what I said!" warned her. "See that you do as I tell you in this matter!'

"I'll do as I like!" she flashed out vehemently. "You do!"

"For God's sake," I exclaimed 'shut up!"

She caught her breath and gazed at me aghast.

"Yes!" I went on, my voice breaking shrilly in spite of all my efforts to steady it. "I mean it! Are you trying to drive me insane? I tell you I can't stand much more of this damnable nagging! And I won't stand

Again she gasped, but I continued: "Listen to me! You misunderstood entirely and, I believe, wilfully the scene between Mrs. Clarkson and me. If you hadn't been dishonorable enough to read my letter you wouldn't have been here eavesdropping. But since you were, I have the right to tell you that I don't lie to you and that I'm innocent. I declare it on my honor! You can believe it or not, as She was standing near the door,

watching me, startled, but, at these words, she threw back her head and laughed harshly. "As you make the assertion on your honor, I do not believe it!" And she was gone. I slammed the door behind her,

locked it, buried my face in my hands hysterical sobs I had expected to go to my club that evening, and had told my wife so

earlier in the day, adding that I would not get home before midnight. After the scene through which I had just der with a sob. She seemed so young passed I was too much shaken, my nerves were too raw, for me to want to chat with a crowd of men, and I went instead to speud a couple of quiet, restful hours with my mother. I told her nothing of what had happened, but her very presence calmed me. Leaving her at ten o'clock, I came home and let myself into the apartment noiselessly, supposing that Doris had gone to her room and, possibly, to sleep. With no other thought in mind, I pushed open the door of a little room which we called "the den." As I entered, I saw that the room was lighted only by the glow from the grate-fire. At right angles to the fireplace was a couch heaped with cushions. Seated on this, leaning back among the cushions, was my wife. She wore a new evening gown, and, even in that moment, I remembered with a sensation akin to ironical amusement that only today I had sent her dressmaker a check for it. Bending over her, and gazing down at her,

> whiskey. Before I could collect my wits, Moore laughed lightly. "I was just saying good night to this fair lady," he said, relinquishing the hand he pretended to have been shaking. "And now I bid you good night, doctor."

was Jack Moore. His hand held hers,

and she smiled up into his face. The

look in his eyes made me want to kill

him. I stepped forward and touched

an electric button, flooding the room

with light. In a glance, I saw on the

table by the couch two glasses, siphon,

and a bottle half full of Scotch

ignoring his outstretched hand, I strode to the door and flung it wide open, pointing to it with a quivering finger. "Get out of here, you cur!" I exclaimed.

He justified my use of the epithet by obeying silently, and so quickly that in less than thirty seconds I heard the front door close behind

him. Without a word I caught my wife by the arm and dragged her to her feet. As I did so I felt my fingers sink into her flesh. I saw her wince, and I was glad. She gazed at me as if fascinated. I heard myself speaking as though I were another man-all the while holding her firm, cool arm. I told her that this was the end of things between us; that I could no longer endure her and her lies: that she could go her way and I mine; that I would support her, but I would never live with her again-never! She made no protest, only stood there and looked at me with a half-sneer on

her lips. "What have you got to say?" I asked her at last, in a hoarse voice which I scarcely recognized as my own. I let go of her arm and waited for her to speak. She must answer me, I thought, but she was silent.

"What have you got to say?" I repeated, more loudly. Once more I heard my voice rise to a querulous falsetto. My teeth chattered as though I had a hard chill. I gripped my wife by both shoulders, seizing her so tightly that I thought she must cry out that I was hurting her. I hoped she would, as I felt my fingers sink again into her flesh. But this time she did not wince. She looked me straight in the eyes, and her reply slowly and distinctly.

"That you are a cad, and I hate

you!" she hissed. My hands dropped. I saw on her bare shoulders the prints of my strong fingers and the livid dents my nails had made. I watched the finger-marks as they changed from white to angry crimson.

Then I went out of the house, and

left her standing there.

Three months after my wife and I had parted, I chanced one Sunday noon to be passing the fashionable touching her. Even in my rage I church of which Doris had been a remembered that she was a woman, member before our marriage. A throng and my wife. "You ought to know what of people were pouring out after the such scenes mean!" I retorted. "Since morning service. A whim seized me you make demands, so shall I. I to enter. Of late years I had athave made them before, however, tended church but seldom. I remembered that after the service just ended peat that you are to accept no there would be the celebration of the more favors from Jack Moore. Do communion, to which only a small part you hear? Don't you suppose your of the congregation would remain. maids gossip about that affair? Don't Entering, I went into a pew in a suppose that one or the other of shadowed corner and listened to the them saw, as I did, his card lying on service, until, looking up suddenly, your dressing table with the box that I saw Dorls passing up the aisle tohad contained the orchids he sent ward the chancel. A wave of regret, you? Moreover-listen to me!- compunction and compassion swept over me-a desire to be at peace with keep a decent woman from wanting to her-and, obeying an inexplicable speak to him, much less accept his impulse, I followed her up the aisle. As she knelt at the altar-rail, I knelt down beside her. As I did so, she raised wide eyed, then burst into tears. her bowed head and glanced at me, "That is the way with you men!" she then quietly arose, walked down the aisle, and out of the church. Kneel-

> it was at this altar we had been mar-(Copyright, by Moffet, Yard & Co.)